Volume LXXXIV No. 16 July 8, 1966 30 cents

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CONFESSION AND THE COURT

New rules for the police

Isidore Silver

BALAGUER TAKES OVER

Ellen Louise Simons

RUSK'S FRANCOPHOBIA

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Two days after the event, and buried under twenty inches of trivia in a Page 30 article by Gladwin Hill, the New York *Times* reported on the anti-Vietnam candidates in the California primaries: "A half dozen Democratic 'peace candidates' for congressional nominations—expressing various shadings of opposition to the Administration's Vietnam policy—got nowhere."

Not until the weekly *New Republic* came out four days later did we know the dimensions of Mr. Hill's "nowhere." Robert Scheer, a 29-year-old unknown, got an astonishing 45 percent of the vote against Jeffery Cohelan in the Berkeley-Oakland area. Cohelan, an entrenched incumbent congressman, has one of the highest ADA ratings in the House and has been somewhat critical of the war, roughly in the Kennedy manner. A switch of 3,300 votes (out of 64,000) would have replaced him with a straight peace candidate. Other peace candidates also came remarkably close. Edward Keating, publisher of *Ramparts*, got 47 percent of the vote, and Philip Drath got 45 percent. We suspect that all this was fit to print.

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The same page of the same issue of the *Times* produced an example of journalistic malfeasance to go with the misfeasance on the peace candidates. That was the "Man in the News" biography of Ronald Reagan, which was too over-editorialized and snide to pose as reporting. The biography called Reagan's election a surprise "even in an era where show business and politics are increasingly difficult to separate," gibed at Reagan's efforts during the Communists-in-Hollywood controversy (which were respectable) and took the trouble to point out that Reagan's father-in-law, a Chicago surgeon, is notably conservative "even in a generally conservative profession." Everybody knows the *Times* doesn't like Reagan. Neither do we. But in a generally conservative profession like journalism, it is still considered useful to keep the editorials on the editorial page.

•

For a brief moment, the Chicago *Tribune* became its old irrepressible self again. After the recent Chicago riots, the newspaper explained in an editorial that 1) there is no "ghetto" problem, since Puerto Ricans, like other immigrants, like to live together, 2) "overwhelming evidence" shows that northern police "bend over backwards to be gentle with members of minority groups," and 3) national magazines and Robert Kennedy are to blame for inflaming minority groups, who, presumably, would otherwise be happy, and 4) there is no right to shout "fire" in a crowded theater. The editorial said: "The usual sentimental drivel is coming forth in an effort to excuse the rioters . . . All these apologies are alien to our constitution. We have the right of free speech, but not to cry 'fire' in a crowded theater. We have the right of assembly, but only so long as the assembly is peaceable. There is no right to riot, to loot, to destroy property, or to attack the police."

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On what the lack of competition does to newspapers: The New York Herald *Tribune* is not publishing these days. The New York *Times* is. Howard Smith reports in the *Village Voice*: "Over at the *Times*, where everything is coming up roses, city-side reporters are missing the *Trib* more than anybody else. They find that without the morning competition of the *Trib*, editors are spiking more and more stories. The editors aren't worried about the *Trib* getting there first."

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A collection of articles on religion from the pages of *National Review* is being published, with considerable chutzpah, under the title *The Re-Birth of Christ*. The book promises to take apart Bishop John Robinson ("with whom California's Bishop James Pike spent considerable time before giving up his diocese"), and reprints Evelyn Waugh's *The Same Again Please*, "which places the council in its proper historical setting." Almost everything worthwhile in contemporary Christianity gets a working over. Fifty cents from *National Review*.

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"The objections to clerical celibacy are obvious. It has accounted in great measure for the historical depreciation of marriage, the obsession of the Christian Church with sex, the fascination the minutiae of the subject exercises over theologians, the acute sensitivity of the clergy to sexual sins, and their comparative indifference to the wickedness of total war which has made such a mockery of Christian morality. It has resulted in the emergence of a divided culture, the fostering of a group of men stuffed at a very early age with a moribund theology and inflexible outlook, many of whom are emotionally immature and all separated from their flock by entirely different habits of mind and manner of living. If the author (Pierre Hermand, in The Priest: Celibate or Married, from Helicon Press, $3.75) tends to overstate his case when he remarks that the clergy are characterized by '. . . a certain lack of humanity, of emotional warmth, a poverty of language often terrifying, an estrangement from real human problems, an incapacity to comprehend realistically the complexities of human life' there is a great deal of truth in what he says."

Magdalen Goffin,
in the *New York Review of Books*

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We are thinking of sponsoring a contest to produce the most irrelevant statement on Vietnam by a more-or-less living politician. Our first nomination is Rep. Gerald Ford's forthright remark that American voters want the war ended. Our second is from the lips of Mario Proccacino, controller of the City of New York: when a woman accosted him and asked his opinion on the war in Vietnam, Proccacino replied "Terrible." "God bless you, Mr. Proccacino," cried the satisfied voter.

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

Vietnam

Lachine, Quebec

To the Editors: In "News and Views," June 3, John Leo includes a quote from Cardinal Spellman: "I repeat: 'May my country ever be right; but right or wrong —my country.'" This remark was so astounding in its implications that I couldn't quite believe it had been said, or if it had, then surely it must have been couched in some radically mitigating context, though I could not conceive what that might be either.

It was brought to the fore more vividly by Gordon Zahn in "The Crime of Silence" (June 17), in which, with it seems impeccable justification, he sees the Cardinal in rather a worse light than Franz Josef Rarkowski.

Mr. Zahn states that "our more distinguished journals of Catholic opinion have let it pass without comment." You have not been guilty of this, but may I suggest you publish an article giving the stand of Cardinal Spellman and other bishops vocal on the subject a more thorough review and comment.

I conclude with a hearty commendation to Mr. Zahn for so forthright and articulate a denunciation of the murders in Vietnam. GARNET A. PARR

"The Crime of Silence"

Bloomfield, N.M.

To the Editors: "Our government is making murderers of us all." This is, as Mr. Zahn says, a shocking statement; but one is glad that he has the courage to say it. The evidence, already considerable, is growing daily.

If one defines brainwashing as a process by which the public is gradually led to accept unreality as reality, to the point where men seem no longer capable of even thinking in other terms, then America today may well exemplify a mass hypnosis which might make George Orwell, with his *1984*, appear unimaginative.

Arthur Schlesinger has said that error

(*Continued on page 448*)

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COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.
Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and from mid-July to mid-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016
MUrray Hill 3-2042. *Copyright © 1966 Commonweal Publishing Co, Inc.*
US and Canada, $9 a year. Foreign $11. Single copies 30¢

THE DEAD GOD

Summer, they tell us, is a time to catch up on one's reading and there always seems to be one book around ideally suited to hot, idle days. Three summers ago it would probably have been a tract on ecumenism or the Council; two summers ago, it was Bishop Robinson's *Honest to God;* last summer it was Harvey Cox's *The Secular City*. What will it be this summer? Our guess is Thomas J. J. Altizer and William Hamilton's collection of essays, *Radical Theology and the Death of God*. The choice is a rather obvious one. The book is just serious enough to convince the reader he is grappling with elemental ideas, but also just light and sketchy enough not to interfere with mental and physical vacations. And if God is going to be proclaimed "dead," isn't it just as well that this be borne in upon the masses when the sun is shining, the days long and the water warm?

But who is the "God" who has "died" and what does the autopsy reveal? He is the God of Christianity, an ontological, transcendent God. He died, Altizer tells us, sometime during the nineteenth century, and it was Nietzsche who first made known the news of his death in *The Gay Science*. This death was a very literal kind of death, not just a death in human consciousness. As Hamilton and Altizer put it in their preface, "there was once a God to whom adoration, praise and trust were appropriate, possible, and even necessary, but . . . now there is no such God." Unfortunately, it is not altogether possible to provide an exegesis of what Hamilton and Altizer mean by this statement; their voices tend to trail off. The main point, though, is that they want to repudiate as thoroughly as possible any connection between their dead God and the absent, hidden or eclipsed God of Christian tradition. Their God is dead, really dead. But He is (or was) our God too, they say.

What are we to do, though, when the summer ends and the cold winds start blowing? Can we live without God? Actually, things aren't as bad as they may seem. For Hamilton there is the response of waiting and hoping, but not a waiting in aimless despair. What we must do is enter into the world, enter it fully and totally, even to the point of "participation in

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the utter desolation of the secular or the profane." There we will discover the "presence of Jesus." There we will become a Christ to our neighbor. Only thus will it be possible for us to hope for a return of the sacred, for a rebirth of the God who died.

Altizer is equally hopeful though his prescription is considerably more complex than Hamilton's. He too would have us accept a "profane destiny," but what this destiny may give us is "an epiphany of the past in the present." For it is from the past we must escape, that past which saw Christianity destroy the "sacred" and which, to this day, keeps men from a total embrace of the present. The way to this "epiphany" is, first, by recognizing that "the transcendence of Being has been transformed into the radical immanence of Eternal Recurrence: to exist in our time is to exist in a chaos freed of every semblance of cosmological meaning or order." From there, secondly, the Christian (for so one remains) must embrace a "fully dialectical method," realizing that *"Existenz"* (human existence) and "faith" are "true opposites." This realization, fully embraced, will make possible "an ultimate *coincidentia oppositorum.*" Thus and thus only will we achieve a genuinely "eschatological faith," a faith which entails both radical negation and radical affirmation.

Summer reading, indeed! The complaint is a legitimate one. But the problem here is not just what all of this means. Equally pertinent is the question why, at just this moment of history, Altizer and Hamilton should produce a book which, despite its obscure language and love of paradox, should capture public attention. Never mind what they mean; why should anyone care about their whole line of thought at precisely that moment when the churches are taking unprecedented steps, widely acclaimed steps, to make themselves meaningful and relevant to contemporary man?

We have no ready answer, but perhaps a suggestion. Could it not be that the contemporary Christian has now, for the first time in centuries, been forced to live in and with the world? Before, he could hide: in his churches, in his theologies, in his creeds. Now he can hide no longer. He asked for the world and now he has it. It will take more than a summer of reading to find himself again.

WHICH WAY NOW?

There was never any reason to suspect that Negro leaders would be free of the quirks and evasions of white leaders. James Meredith is imperious. Roy Wilkins suspects white racism when Robert Kennedy's reformers oppose an undistinguished judicial candidate chosen by the undistinguished Negro who heads Tammany Hall. Stokely Carmichael's "black power" seems purposely elusive: for white consumption it means normal American political tactics, for Negro consumption it takes on quite a different coloration. The newer hues in the picture are too harsh for many whites. Barry Goldwater is announcing unsuspected virtues in the approach of Martin Luther King, who, after all, does not lead crowds in the mesmerizing chant of "black power."

The rise of the new SNCC leadership and the Meredith shooting and march have registered the changes with the public. The unity of the various civil rights movements is no longer assured; the common front must be negotiated anew each time, not assumed by either blacks or whites. The NAACP, excluded from the Jackson demonstration, seems to be losing yet more ground. Neither is non-violence so easily assumed. Carmichael and Meredith calmly and quietly announce that, no, they are not necessarily opposed to violence. (The nation recoils in pious shock, as if, in I. F. Stone's words, Gandhi-ism has always been a touchstone of the national creed.) Meredith refuses to say whether or not he is armed, which is an understandable enough bit of parrying on the part of a man who was filled with buckshot while under the close protection of Mississippi's finest. Our opinion is, of course, that non-violence best serves the interests of the Negro. But then, this is easy for whites to say. It is only one step more to accuse the Negro of breaking the rules of the game to defend himself as almost any white would do as a matter of course.

Yet there are the nagging ambiguities. Organizations which proclaim a steadfast commitment to non-violence hedge their bets by encouraging allied groups of trained Negro bodyguards. The Carmichael program is that Negroes and whites must do it together *and* that Negroes must do it alone, against whites. But Negro Americans did not invent the art of exploiting both halves of a contradiction. Staying on top of a restless and impatient civil rights movement calls for aggressive tactics and slogans; a different face must obviously be turned toward the white majority. A white at Jackson would have been acceptable with the slightest show of sympathy, but a Negro who shouted "freedom" when James Meredith was chanting "black power" had to be told by Meredith to "shut up."

The ambiguities over non-violence, white allies, and internal civil-rights politics are joined by the ambiguities of the televised spectacular. The Jackson demonstration

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, COMMONWEAL will again appear on alternate weeks from the middle of July to the middle of September. Forthcoming issues will be dated July 22, August 5, August 19, September 2, and September 16. From then on, we will resume our normal weekly schedule.

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came closer to being paced and produced by TV and radio than any of its predecessors. Murry Kempton has compared Mr. Meredith with Ed Sullivan for his handling of the "guest celebrity" section of the program. At one point, the march was temporarily delayed while the right people were guided by the TV cameras in the right company. The march and demonstration were not trivial, merely over-orchestrated and dependent on old plot lines. Behind the success are the fissures in the movement, and the grouping for new issues, new tactics. What should be next when even the well-applauded and televised marches begin to look like summer re-runs?

DE GAULLE IN THE URALS

Harold Macmillan, the former British prime minister, used to talk regularly about making visits to Moscow, and once or twice he even went. He sought for his country the role of mediator between East and West, but, fatally for his chances, he hoped also to preserve Britain's special relationship with the United States. Charles de Gaulle, who more than once has been sardonic about Anglo-Saxon attitudes, went to Moscow with no such sentimental attachments. His break with NATO over the integrated command question, perhaps more than France's minute nuclear capability, gives him the needed independence of action. From Washington's point of view, this probably says more about France's power position in the world than its independence. Independence for what? Washington asks peevishly, and suspiciously.

The ill-temper is to be expected, but is it justified? The belief is that while de Gaulle does not have a power position from which to establish a new basis for European accord, he can do a great deal in the way of wrecking the old basis. This appears to be substantially true, though it will be interesting to see what actually comes of de Gaulle's Moscow visit and subsequent events. But if de Gaulle is out to wreck, it would also be interesting to know what it is he will be wrecking.

The creation of the post-war Western alliance occurred at a time when a Russian attack seemed eminent. It is for historians to decide the validity of that assumption, for the moment has passed. But as a largely reflexive line of defense, it cut down from Britain through Western Europe and arced across the Mediterranean to Turkey and Greece, accommodating good and bad in a reach for a seamless pattern. Out of it was born an illusory Atlantic community that included the U.S., and, ironically at the insistence of the U.S., the European Common Market that excludes America. The Common Market is real, and the experience of it is perhaps the strongest factor contributing to the current mood of Europe. The mood is one of restlessness with the security attitudes and restraints imposed after the war that continue to divide Europe in half.

What has changed is not simply the probability of Russian attack, but the development of European stability, a habit of commonsense that grew out of the need for common defense but now surpasses it. Something like this is also taking shape in the East. Cracks are showing in the Warsaw Pact; Rumania is seeking its own path. De Gaulle's vision of a Europe extending from the Atlantic to the Urals is part poetry and part reality. But the increased trade between East and West, and the recent agreements between an Italian firm and Russia and German firms and Poland to build plants and manufacture jointly, are all reality. The greatest threats to European stability now are the lingering attitudes and myths that made that stability possible in the first place: the polarization of East and West, divided Germany, mutual fear. NATO as a viable security organization, and we imagine the Warsaw Pact as well, still exist, but modified in spirit by the realization that Europe's destiny cannot be defined by its terms. President de Gaulle has merely ripped away the illusions, and this was as inevitable as it is painful.

Washington probably realizes this well enough, but would have preferred to do the job itself, in its own way and good time. The picture of France dealing with the Soviet Union as an equal is laughable in terms of *realpolitik*; but so was the fiction of equality in the Western alliance. As a master of *realpolitik*, de Gaulle knows that fiction has its uses.

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DE GAULLE AND NATO

RUSK'S FRANCOPHOBIA

The NATO meetings earlier this month were the first direct confrontation between the U.S. and France since de Gaulle's withdrawal from military integration within the alliance. They were also an important test of Secretary of State Rusk's European diplomacy.

Rusk arrived in Brussels intent upon uniting the remaining 14 NATO members in a solid front against Paris. A meeting of representatives of these countries was held in advance of the full NATO Council of Ministers in hopes of establishing a common policy for this purpose. The removal of NATO's military council from French soil was a foregone necessity, but Rusk also hoped to gain support for the immediate transfer of the political headquarters of the alliance (on the grounds that both

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military and political offices should be in close proximity).

It appears that in the ensuing negotiations Washington was forced to settle for far less than it wanted. The Belgians agreed, after some qualms, to accept the alliance's military council on their soil, but a proposal to remove the political headquarters to Brussels was deferred to a newly scheduled Foreign Ministers' conference next October, mainly because several NATO members (notably Canada and Italy) objected to Rusk's basic strategy of isolating de Gaulle to the greatest possible extent.

Although fears of antagonizing the French President before his trip to Moscow had much to do with this split in the alliance, other factors played a large role. In particular, many NATO members do not see the advantage in forcing the French to withdraw their troops from Germany; nor do they share Rusk's primary concern for maintaining an integrated military command.

The contradictions of alliance policy became most apparent in the debate over how the relationship of French and NATO forces in Germany would be negotiated. Originally, Paris sought discussions between its chief of staff and Gen. Lemnitzer, thus confining future negotiations to military technicalities. When the Belgians first proposed discussions in the permanent, 15-member political council of the Alliance, the French were surprisingly willing. Rusk, however, preferred a smaller group, which could place more pressure on Paris. After he was forced to withdraw from this position, debate centered on the specific resolution defining the subject of negotiations; using the Dutch (often our Trojan horse in the Common Market), pro-Washington leaders tried to force the French to accept the principle of unified "command and coordination" as the subject of discussion.

Despite a last minute compromise that staved off an open break, the future of the negotiations will hardly be rosy from an Administration point of view. The 14 NATO members continue to endorse military integration in formal statements, but many consider that it is at least as important—if not more so—to maintain French troops East of the Rhine. French presence in West Germany, if it can be negotiated to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, it still the best guarantee that Paris will not opt for neutrality in any future crisis; however useful integrated military commands may be from a technical point of view, both political symbolism and the logic of self-defense are prior concerns for the Europeans. It is also generally feared that the withdrawal of the 70,000 French NATO troops in Germany would leave Bonn dangerously exposed within the alliance. The recent announcement that French air force units will in any event be withdrawn from German soil is a warning to this effect. Since escalation in Vietnam threatens to require further "transfers" of American troops now in Germany—and since the British are increasingly tempted to reduce their forces for economic reasons—the consequence of pushing the French to withdraw would seem to be an increase in the size of the *Bundeswehr* (which is not as popular in Europe as it is in the Pentagon).

Price Too High

Rusk's insistence upon military integration therefore seems to have too high a price tag, both politically and financially, for some of our allies. To be sure, considerable streamlining of NATO's commands was achieved, including the dissolution of the Standing Group (composed of French, British, and American officers stationed in Washington and responsible for strategic liaison and planning). But many of these reforms were either trivial or long overdue; for example, the Standing Group has long been effectively defunct, and apparently played little or no role in the shift of NATO's strategy from "massive retaliation" to "flexible response"—a change that was unilaterally adopted by Washington and simply imposed on the alliance.

More broadly speaking, the main consequence of the NATO meetings was further evidence of deep divisions of interest within the alliance, even apart from the French issue. The Danes, along with other smaller members, sought immediate negotiations with Moscow as a means of detente in Europe. Both Rusk and Couve de Murville were opposed, though for contrary reasons: for Washington, negotiation must be conducted by the alliance as a unit (which is impossible since there is no commonly accepted strategy); for Paris, negotiations are the business of each sovereign state.

Bonn is still at odds with the British and Americans over the cost of supporting Anglo-Saxon troops in West Germany. The Dutch seem anxious to use the Washington-Bonn-London axis as a means of reducing French objections to a supranational Common Market, while the Italians are moving in the opposite direction. The smaller members of the alliance fear the more powerful ones, and the latter seek to have their own way without being bound by alliance ties.

Faced with these conflicts, our Secretary of State has often substituted the appearance of unity for substantive negotiations that would effectively resolve—or even clarify—the problems in the alliance. At times, it almost appears as though Washington has decided to achieve alliance harmony by substituting a "French threat" for the original Soviet menace, in which our allies no longer believe. But as the NATO meetings revealed, Mr. Rusk did not achieve the success he may have anticipated in isolating Paris. Perhaps it is time to raise the possibility that we are as responsible as General de Gaulle for the crisis in NATO, and that our allies are more concerned with steps to reduce tensions in Europe than with planning to meet a mythical "unprovoked aggression."

The possibility of a detente based on the simultaneous abolition of NATO and the Warsaw Pact seem increasingly attractive to many Europeans, especially now that

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the Rumanians have taken the lead in proposing a withdrawal of Russian and American military forces from the center of Europe. French diplomacy, by no means limited to de Gaulle's trip to Russia, is intended to encourage this orientation. In the face of the ferment, the attempts of the Department of State to do business as usual may result in a collapse of NATO should our allies opt for disengagement (if only to avoid involvement should the war in Vietnam escalate out of control).

Under these circumstances, the U.S. has two options: we could accept the demise of the Atlantic alliance and tolerate a neutralist Europe, or we could accept a fundamental reform of NATO along lines recently suggested by the French strategist, General André Beaufre. The first alternative, which may be forced on us if Secretary of State Rusk continues to believe that military integration can be imposed on the unwilling French, is extremely unsatisfactory; a disengaged, neutral Europe implies the ultimate reunification of Germany, yet the Germans are too powerful to remain simply neutral. The second, which consists in establishing a European pillar of the Atlantic alliance that is not militarily integrated with the U.S., has the advantage of giving our allies more responsibility for their own defense.

Moreover, the proposal to reform NATO by establishing a largely independent European command could serve as the nucleus of a political confederation on the continent; by providing the framework within which the British and French nuclear forces could be coordinated, we would offer Bonn greater guarantees for security without encouraging further nuclear proliferation. Unless the Administration's European policy is reversed in the immediate future, a golden opportunity to reform NATO may be permanently lost. ROGER D. MASTERS

(Mr. Masters is a member of the Political Science Department at Yale.)

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

END OF JOHNSON'S CONGRESS?

The war in Vietnam is fragmenting President Johnson's consensus and transforming the political outlook for the November elections.

The Democrats, as the party in power, would normally expect to lose about 25 to 30 seats in a mid-term election, particularly inasmuch as the anti-Goldwater upsurge of two years ago increased their preponderance in the House to 295 to 140. Fifty Northern and Western Democrats won their seats by a margin of less than 5 percent and fourteen of them won normal Republican strongholds by less than 1 percent. But Democrats had once hoped to keep their mid-term losses to a minimum or even reverse the historic trend; they were counting upon continued Republican demoralization, prosperity without inflation, the popularity of medicare, aid to education, and other Johnson Administration programs, and the shifts caused by court-ordered redistricting in many states which have tended to favor the cities and suburbs as against the more conservative small towns and farm areas.

But the spreading confusion in the public mind about the purposes and prospects of the war in Vietnam has dissipated these hopes. Normal mid-town attrition may now swell to enormous proportions and sweep out 50 or 60 Democratic congressmen, leaving the party in only narrow, nominal control of the House. The disaffection could also carry down several strong Democratic Senators such as Paul Douglas of Illinois and Lee Metcalf in Montana who, under most circumstances, would be favorites for re-election.

These fears for the future have almost paralyzed the work of Congress. This session has thus far been notably sluggish and unproductive because many members, distracted by anxieties about their own prospects, are trying to find ways to disengage themselves, at least partially, from the Johnson Administration rather than settling down to work on the domestic legislation in which they and the President actually agree.

President Johnson is well aware of this political situation. To his great credit, he has refused to let it influence his conduct of the war in Vietnam. One may agree or not with Mr. Johnson's policies in Vietnam, but still concede that it is admirable of him to persist in a course that he thinks is right even though he recognizes it may cost him control of Congress for the next two years.

He made his critical decisions on these questions last December and January. These decisions were to make a bid for peace talks and not to ask for a tax increase or a call-up of the reserves. Mr. Johnson, privately, had little confidence that North Vietnam would be willing last winter to settle the war on any terms that he would consider acceptable. But in response to earnest pleas from Vice President Humphrey, UN Ambassador Goldberg, and influential members of the Senate, he tried the "peace pause" and declared himself open to offers from Hanoi. The results were not only as unproductive as he had expected, but the peace pause had the worse effect, from his viewpoint, of emboldening his critics at home to even more strenuous opposition to the war. At the same time, Mr. Johnson, not wanting to put the country more nearly on a war footing and arouse patriotic frenzies that he might not be able to control, decided against calling up the military reserves although the Joint Chiefs of Staff

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three times urgently requested such action. He also decided against asking for a tax rise. This effort to minimize the impact of the war has largely succeeded; the economy has suffered some distortions but not a raging inflation, and the armed forces have managed to scrape by despite their manpower difficulties.

But this low-keyed approach has robbed Mr. Johnson of his biggest political asset as a war leader. He has experienced many of the negative effects of running a war without being able to mobilize popular sentiment behind him as the national leader of a united cause. There is little doubt he could have created a new climate of opinion last winter if he had offered the nation a program calling for genuine sacrifices and declared that the issues in Vietnam had been submitted to the harsh arbitrament of war and the time for debate was over. Only victory in the field would suffice, he might have said, and it was the duty of every American to rally behind their men at the front.

Mr. Johnson, however, has refrained from taking this approach. He knows that a war spirit, once fully aroused in this country, could not be appeased by the dusty, equivocal settlement he expects eventually to get in Vietnam. If he rallied the nation too vehemently, he might then have to deal, not with the peace demands of the doves, but with the far harder problem of the war demands of the hawks who would want to smash North Vietnam and China, too. His is an authentically centrist position very much like that of President Truman during the Korean War. Mr. Truman, it will be recalled, refused to abandon Korea in panic in late 1950 when the Chinese entered the war and U.S. forces were nearly pushed off the peninsula. He likewise refused to permit General MacArthur to expand the war across the Yalu and engage China directly. The result was a bloody stalemate lasting more than two years until the Communists finally agreed to a fifty-fifty division of the country. Mr. Johnson has not forgotten that Truman's policies cost the Democrats effective control of Congress in 1950 and helped cost them the Presidency in 1952. Although not intending to pay such a high political price this time, he is nevertheless determined to see it through.

'Win Or Get Out'

It cannot be said that his critics at either end of the political spectrum are acting in a comparably responsible fashion. With some honorable exceptions, most Republican leaders seem to have settled on the demagogic theme —"win or get out." They are able to say at one and the same time that it was probably wrong to get involved in Vietnam in a big way at all, but having become involved, the U.S. should obliterate North Vietnam by bombing and take the risks of Chinese intervention—or else withdraw altogether. (Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia and certain other Democrats, it should be noted, also share curious looking-two-ways attitude although obviously without any partisan motives.) It is naive and misleading to see the war in Vietnam as essentially a problem of decision, as if all the President had to do was make up his mind either to fight harder or withdraw. The truth is that the U.S. cannot win the war quickly by bombing because the nature of the war makes that impossible, but neither can the U.S. withdraw without abandoning Thailand, Laos, and probably Malaya as well and jeopardizing its whole power position in the Pacific.

Republicans routinely accuse the Johnson Administration of ambivalence and of causing a credibility gap. The Administration is obviously not alone in those failings. "Win or get out" may be a clever political line, but it is not a serious policy. It comes with particular bad grace from those who know that total withdrawal now is not possible, who refuse to recognize the dangers of escalation, and who fail to offer any constructive ideas on negotiation. The nation deserves better from its political opposition than this loose, cheap talk.

On the far left, the "peaceniks" and the advocates of a "new politics" are being comparably wrongheaded. They are busily rushing about not trying to defeat their genuine antagonists—the domestic conservatives and the warhawks—but their former liberal allies whose only sin is their refusal to share the far left's simpleheaded dogmas about the war. Many liberal congressmen share the emotions of the peaceniks but being more sophisticated about politics and diplomacy, they find it hard to settle for pat formulas. The far leftists, seemingly devoid of humor, charity, or commonsense, and essentially anti-political in their outlook, have come storming into politics to bedevil and, if possible, defeat these liberals.

A particularly disgraceful confrontation occurred last month in the Democratic primary in California in the congressional district which includes the Berkeley campus. Robert Scheer, a "peace" candidate, opposed Representative Jeffery Cohelan, the incumbent. Mr. Cohelan is one of the best men in the House. He is diligent, conscientious, fairminded. He has done a lot of hard work on many issues such as the struggle now underway to save the redwood forests as a national park rather than have them exploited by lumber companies. But the "peace" faction, exploiting a lot of misplaced enthusiasm by young student volunteers, nearly defeated him. The vote was Cohelan 35,270, and Scheer, 28,751. And the irony is that Representative Cohelan is not a hard-liner on Vietnam. He has urged a halt to the bombing of North Vietnam and an intensive diplomatic search for a peaceful conclusion.

Numerous other Democrats around the country face similar insurgent opposition in their districts. They will almost certainly survive such opposition in every case, but the necessity of spending time and money fighting these contests adds to the pervasive gloom in the House Democratic lobby.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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CONFESSION AND THE COURT

New rules for the police

ISIDORE SILVER

If a legal philosopher were asked to create a system of criminal procedure for a "modern" totalitarian state—i.e., one not characterized by overt brutality—he would probably include certain features. Trial could be secret, without an attorney or jury, and with no stenographic transcript. The sole purpose of the trial would be to induce a confession. The defendant would not be apprised of any right to remain silent and to be represented by counsel. If he is convicted, he can only argue to a suspicious appeals court that such conviction was based upon a confession wrung from him under these circumstances. Since he cannot submit a record of the proceedings, he is reduced to arguing that his word is better than that of his judges. The American mind obviously recoils at such a star-chamber proceeding. Yet, much of our criminal procedure involves this very process, and that is what the Supreme Court's June 13th decision in the four interrogation cases is all about.

Theoretically, a criminal trial is an adversary (or "accusatory") proceeding in which the prosecution must prove that "x" committed a crime. "X" cannot be compelled to testify against himself. Practically, the system doesn't quite work that way. The police often obtain some evidence of a suspect's guilt, but believe it to be insufficient to permit a conviction. At that point, they often arrest the suspect, bring him to a station house for "booking" and conduct an extensive interrogation to induce a confession. This interrogation is generally conducted under the circumstances depicted in the opening paragraph. When a confession—preferably a written one—has been obtained, the defendant is then taken before a judge for arraignment. Although there will be no police questioning after the arraignment, this is meaningless. The police have their confession, it is always introduced into evidence at trial, it is often ineffectively contested and it frequently forms the basis for a conviction.

In a sense, the trial is a review—and an ineffective one—of the confession proceeding. Nowhere else in American jurisprudence does a trial depend upon such "weak" evidence. There may be documentary evidence in the form of a signed confession, but it is obviously tenuous. As Chief Justice Warren stated on June 13, the cases questioning the use of such evidence presented "questions which go to the roots of our concepts of American criminal jurisprudence."

Until 1964, the Supreme Court resolved the problems presented by police interrogations by requiring that any resulting confessions be shown to be voluntary and not coerced. At no time—with perhaps one exception—was the mere fact that the accused was held incommunicado and not informed of his right to remain silent sufficient to constitute coercion. In 1964, in Escobedo v. Illinois, the Court held that an accused was denied due process of law. Escobedo, after his request to see a lawyer had been denied, confessed during questioning at a station house. Although the decision was limited to these somewhat unusual facts, for various reasons it caused much consternation in police circles. The Court had decided that, at some point during Escobedo's interrogation, he had become an accused, "and the purpose of the interrogation was to 'get him' to confess his guilt despite his constitutional right not to do so." This meant that his right to counsel came into existence. Since Escobedo had, "for all practical purposes, already been charged with murder," he was entitled to see his lawyer.

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Justice Goldberg's cautious and fuzzy opinion evoked a sharp dissent from Justice White. "It would be naive to believe that the new constitutional right announced will depend upon whether the accused has retained his own counsel . . . or has asked to consult with counsel during the course of interrogation." The Justice also discerned what he thought to be a trend in the majority's thinking. "The decision is thus another major step in the direction of the goal which the court seemingly has in mind—to bar from evidence all admissions obtained from an individual suspected of crime, whether involuntarily made or not."

Since *Escobedo* involved a set of peculiar facts, and the court's decision was vague, state courts found substantial room for maneuver in applying the holding to their own reviews of police practices. Since most lower-court judges are notably reluctant to exclude customarily accepted and relevant evidence (and to free "known" criminals in the process), they tended to apply *Escobedo* narrowly. A few courts, such as the California Supreme Court, promulgated rules which required police warnings of defendants' rights whenever an investigation had become an accusatory proceeding and questioning designed to induce defendant to confess had commenced. The confusion in application of *Escobedo* caused the Supreme Court to decide "further to explore some facets of the problem."

The Choices

The Court was faced with several choices. It could have decided that all station house confessions were illegal. First, the atmosphere within which questioning occurred could be deemed coercive, so that no confession could be truly voluntary. Second, if our system is indeed accusatory, then nothing to convict a defendant should come from his own mouth. Third, there are simply too many instances recorded of brutality or psychological pressures; the likelihood of any particular confession's being coerced is substantial, so the practice should be terminated. It could also have held that any confession made during a period of prolonged interrogation was inadmissible. This is the rule promulgated by the Court for lower federal courts; it is not (yet) based upon Constitutional factors.

On the other hand, it could have rigorously limited *Escobedo* (a) to situations where defendant had asked for counsel, or (b) to require that the police only inform him of his right to counsel but of no other rights. Or, the Court could have compromised, as it often does when heavily attacked.

The decision was a compromise—an interesting and provocative one. Initially, Justice Warren's lengthy opinion posited certain vital Constitutional truths: police interrogation during a period of incommunicado custody is inherently coercive; the right to remain silent exists at that moment, and not merely after one is formally charged with a crime (a point not avidly contested by the dissenters); a "voluntary" statement requires not only the lack of overt coercion, but also full knowledge of all Constitutional rights. These premises form the intellectual underpinnings of the decision of June 13.

Although the Constitution marched bravely into the police station, once inside, it sat rather quietly. The majority opinion stated that, despite the aforementioned factors, a confession could still be legal even if made during interrogation and in the absence of counsel, provided that certain standards were met. These standards required, as a minimum, a clear warning to a suspect of his right to remain silent, of the use to which any evidence to be obtained from him could be put, and of his right to counsel. These warnings, said the Court, were absolutely required before any questioning can occur. After such warnings are "effectively" given, the suspect may "waive" (relinquish) these rights, "provided the waiver is made voluntarily, knowingly and intelligently." If he indicates "in any manner" and "at any stage of the process" that he wants to consult with an attorney, questioning must cease. If an attorney is consulted, he has the right to be present during the interrogation and advise the suspect. Thus, the Court paradoxically held that (a) the situation was inherently coercive but that (b) its coercive features could be overcome by following proper procedures.

The decision evoked the displeasure of four Justices and the predictable wrath of police officials. Yet, the storm came, blew over, and the house was still standing. Undoubtedly, many had expected worse; the police were bothered by some of the language in *Escobedo* indicating that a system of criminal justice that, in large part, depended upon confessions was not a healthy system at all. As a result, they were braced for a stringent ruling now. But the decision left some loopholes. Indeed, as Justice Harlan caustically noted, "Those who use third degree tactics and deny them in court are equally able and destined to lie as skillfully about warnings and waivers." James Vorenberg, Executive Director of the National Crime Commission (and a prominent *Escobedo* critic) said that the decision "just moves the battleground from the voluntariness of the confession back to the voluntariness of the waiver."

For the moment, the Constitution stands silently behind the suspect as he is interrogated. Presumably, the police will discover ways of complying with the Court's requirement that warnings must be "effective" (some ambiguity there), that the burden of proof is on the State to show waiver and that such burden is especially high where the interrogation has been lengthy. Aside from the fact that the battleground has shifted, nothing much may have really changed.

Yet, the portents are there. The Court has lit the pyre and Supreme Courtologists may divine the auguries. What

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are we to make of the Court's reliance on certain foreign legal systems which exclude pre-arraignment confessions altogether? What about the following statement? "The presence of counsel, in all the cases before us today, would be the adequate protective device necessary to make the process of police interrogation conform to the dictates of the privilege (against self-incrimination). His presence would insure that statements made in the government-established atmosphere are not the product of compulsion."

These and other statements indicate that the "new" safeguards established by these cases may not be fully adequate to insure protection of fundamental constitutional rights. The Court, as usual, has left open the possibility of further study, if the state courts do not fully supervise the police.

At least two areas of potential additional requirements are suggested in the decision and the dissents. The paragraph quoted above indicates that the Court is unhappy with any questioning in the absence of counsel. Thus, it might one day decide that a truly effective waiver cannot be accomplished in the inherently coercive atmosphere of the squad room, especially where the person giving the warning is also the one pressing to obtain the waiver. Thus, perhaps we shall see a requirement that an effective waiver can only occur where counsel is present to inform defendant of his rights and to consult with him about the exercise of those rights.

Justice White testily suggested that the Court's concern for what really happens in squad rooms might be alleviated by the use of recording devices, so that all can know whether proper warnings, waivers, and lack of coercion have occurred. The idea is not a bad one, but it would not solve the problem of whether the waiver was knowing and intelligent. Since the Court meticulously investigates the state and quality of defendants' minds in determining existence of true waiver in other types of cases, it surely will do no less here. Besides, will the Court's present majority accept even this "evidence" in the face of a claim that the suspect was "softened up" on the way to the station house? Also, and this may be the most weighty argument, will a recording, even a television tape recording be sufficient to accurately depict the degree of fear and coercion actually *felt*? Ultimately, it is the suspect's, not the police officer's, state of mind and conduct that concern the Court.

In light of the Court's definition of "voluntary," it appears as if the Court is "planting" quotes to justify later, further-reaching decisions. Just as the Court blandly stated that its decision was "not an innovation," a future Court may, by a similar non-innovation, rule out all confessions entirely.

Victory for stability?

BALAGUER TAKES OVER

ELLEN LOUISE SIMONS

Joaquin Balaguer's astounding 236,600 vote margin was as astonishingly unpredictable as the circumstances surrounding the feat. But any attempt to classify the June 1 Dominican contest as a choice between harmony and anarchy is grossly inaccurate.

To understand the near reversal of Bosch's 58% majority in 1962 to Balaguer's 56.3% majority in 1966, one must take into account the character of the leading actors and the very different conditions in the Republic four years later.

Juan Bosch of 1962 was a hero returning from 24 years of exile with a reputation as prophet of democracy and champion of social reform. But the returning hero proved more popular than capable. His lack of talent as an administrator was evident in his appointment of personal friends to cabinet positions, in his dealings with the clergy which he angered by his divorce law, and in his handling of military and independent right-wing groups which began to accuse him of allowing Communists to infiltrate his government. He was more idealistic than realistic—his desire to extend democratic privileges to all and widen economic horizons brought to the surface a wealth of unmanageable problems. Whereas he was not moving fast enough for those now clamoring for reform, he was going too fast for those entrenched elements accustomed to the status quo or to reforms being doled out that were not prejudicial to their interests. And in any case, Bosch's ardent pronouncements in favor of reform were more aspiration than concrete action.

The pent-up frustrations of a country temporizing between dictatorship and democracy was reflected in the extreme anxiety and sense of anticipation preceding June 1, 1966. Every available wall appeared covered with party posters. Although reasons for supporting one candidate over another may have seemed ill-defined to some

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observers, the entire populace braced for election-day as if it were the most fateful moment in a lifetime.

The few big-city populations appeared to have a more sophisticated understanding of issues and in their choice of candidates, but even there, resolution was more influenced by demagogy than logic. In the interior, personal relations were important: family, friends. But whatever the reasons given, it is indisputable that the long lines of voters represented a group of firmly committed partisans. With 77 percent of those eligible voting, Balaguer and his Partido Reformista (PR) not only won the presidency, but obtained a majority in both legislative chambers. Bosch's Partido Revolucionario Domicano (PRD) went from 22 seats in the Senate in 1962 down to five, and in the House from 49 to 26. PR, which was not a political entity in 1962, now has 22 and 48 seats respectively in the Senate and the House. The election was notable in its routing of the left-wing 14th of June Movement, whose candidates received only 4,427 votes. Any analysis of Balaguer's sweeping victory must include the still-prevalent influence of the military and some wealthy landholders in the nation's rural areas. The putative conservativism of the peasants as well as the desire for order have been cited as factors. However, Communism was not mentioned in conversations nor can it be assumed that there is a sharp contrast here between Communism and religion. Although the peasants consider themselves nominally Catholic, church attendance and influence in the provincial environs is at a minimum. The vote for peace and order, so bruited by national and international media, did not play significantly in peasant support for Balaguer. The April '65 revolt and subsequent disorder was uniquely an urban phenomenon. It must also be remembered that outside of certain small groups, there is no distinct feeling of national identity.

What then are the speculated and actual reasons for the overwhelming rural vote which assured Balaguer of the presidency? Among the speculated are harsh military intimidation and bribery, neither of which is unusual. However, one evidence of PR monetary and/or organization superiority was the transportation of hordes of supporters in new cars from crowded polling stations to other areas where lines were minimal. As there was no preregistration and it was not mandatory that a person vote in his own area, this was a legal practice. But the most important difference between the two parties was the extensive and expensive campaign of the PR. Personal appearances of Balaguer throughout the Republic as well as the distribution of a wealth of campaign materials made the PRD appear pale—if not invisible—by comparison.

Significantly, many peasants interpreted Balaguer's trip to their village as a sign that he was really interested in their welfare and his announced plans of providing them with land, should he prove victorious, could not fail to draw support. The PR seemed by far the better organized of the two parties in the interior. This was not surprising in light of military discrimination against the PRD which made any organization and propagandizing a hazardous course. One PRD leader in Baoruco province stated, "The only time we see the police is when they search our homes for arms."

Fatal Error

Finally, it is impossible to overlook the weight of personal appeal in Latin American election contests, particularly in countries with less developed political mechanisms. Bosch utterly failed to make an impact on the rural areas. His campaign was directed to the urban environs and was totally conducted by radio. This serious error cost him the election.

The reasons for Balaguer's victory in urban areas which were formerly PRD strongholds are several. Here, the desire for peace and order, presumably embodied by Balaguer, seems to have taken precedence over the abstract appeals of democracy. The only example of democracy was Bosch's eight-month presidency; the confusion and ineptitude of the period did not present a model that many urbanites wished to see duplicated.

Those predicting a Bosch victory had overestimated the strength of the left as well as the popular fears of the left. The 4,427 votes received by the 14th of June Movement indicated it was much more vocal than politically influential. Although the mobs of youth and unemployed repeatedly created disturbances and were a source of dismay, the populace realized it had far more to fear from the 20,000-member Dominican Armed Forces. They thus turned to a man who not only was favored by the Armed Forces but who also seemed able to control them.

While "anti-Yanqui" signs were ubiquitous and sentiments of this nature were shared by large numbers, most literate groups realized that no president could rule without all forms of assistance and support from the United States. Many who correctly recognized Balaguer as favored by American officials, felt he would receive greater U.S. support as well as represent—for the national and international business community—a force of stability, capable of reviving the near moribund capital investment.

Thus, national as well as international business and commercial interests elected to back Balaguer. The small upper and middle classes supported him as did the military, and the enfranchisement of large numbers of women, traditionally conservative in Latin American politics, supplemented PR ranks. Finally, American denunciation of Bosch followers as Communists during last year's rebellion was seized upon by right-wing elements, whose identification of Bosch with instability, violence, Communism, naiveté, had the intended effect.

Bosch had been hailed as the champion of the urban masses, of the laborers, of the intellectuals, but these

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groups encompass only a fraction of the population. There are even indications that he may have lost the support of some of these groups by his performance while president, his failure to join the men fighting in his name during the revolution, and his weakness upon return to the Dominican Republic, where he remained a virtual prisoner within his own house. Such actions were averse to cultural mores which still esteem *machismo*—virulence and bravery—as well as to the codes of many of the rebel fighters who vowed to fight to the death.

Charges of fraud rang throughout Santo Domingo the moment the vote-count began to come in. The people seemed incapable of believing that Balaguer might have won honestly if everyone around them supported Bosch. To these groups, Balaguer was Trujillo's heir and puppet; his victory in their eyes portended a repressive move to the right. Many others, however, did not consider Balaguer responsible for Trujillo's crimes; they looked upon him as a statesman and able administrator and remembered his last-minute actions as president (May '61-Jan. '62) which included lowering the prices of commodities and bank interest rates, giving away a good deal of the Trujillo family property in the countryside, attempts to pave the way for constitutional reform.

The election process had begun long before June 1 and was expected to continue well thereafter. Could the exemplary and apolitical behavior of the armed forces and police be said to be indicative of a transition within these bodies, or was it due to particular factors of the moment? The fact remains that Balaguer's management of the armed forces—or the converse—presents the sharpest challenge to the new regime. Reformation of the armed services and re-integration of the constitutionalist forces —though of immediate import—represent a precarious test to the stability of the new government.

For this reason, Balaguer was notably ambiguous on the timing of the withdrawal of the 8,500 man Interamerican Peace Force. Despite enunciations to the contrary, he was in no hurry to see this guarantor of order depart from Dominican soil. Balaguer had been backed by the rightist members of the armed forces because he was not considered a threat to their interests and because they trusted him on the issue of Communism. But should he step out of line in their view—and this may include even the most meager of reforms—Balaguer might find himself out of a job, not unlike the other Latin American presidents, such as Goulart, Frondizi, Arosemena. With the prevalence of the Latin American military coup, the success of any civilian president lies with the measure of control and authority exercised over the armed forces. When the apolitical role of the military rests on its own consent at subordination to civilian authority, the permanence of civilian leadership remains tenuous. The U.S., which so recently supported hard-line military elements in the power struggle and has showed considerable influence over the military in the past, might now use this influence to clearly indicate to the armed forces that intervention against a democratically-elected president is intolerable.

It has been stated that the Balaguer triumph could lead to a polarization of forces with the army and conservative business and landholding community depriving the leftists of access to channels of communication. This, it was assumed, would result in the radicalization of formerly moderate leftist groups. In the short-run, however, such a cleavage appears unlikely. Electoral results point to the disunity of the left and its small appeal within the nation at large. Whether the moderate PRD leftists join the more radical elements depends, in part, on the skillful management of Balaguer, who has professed his intention to incorporate diverse elements into his government regardless of party affiliation.

In addition, if Balaguer follows the points in his platform (which include: priority for agrarian reform, guaranteed basic rights for peasant farmers as well as establishment of a minimum wage; gradual reduction of the armed forces; freedom for labor unions to organize) then it might be anticipated that leftist elements will join him in the promulgation of his program and in measured cooperation with his government.

The Accumulated Problems

Even the most able administrator would find the accumulated problems of the Dominican Republic nearly overwhelming. Among these are: 1.) Economic instability. It is estimated that without the $110 million poured in by the U.S. since April 1965, the economy would be near total collapse. Per capita income was reported to have dropped 15% to $205. 2.) The one-third of 1.5 million labor force that is unemployed. 3.) The population explosion of 3.7% per annum and the extreme housing shortage, listed at 59,400 units in the urban areas and 147,000 in rural areas.

4.) Land reform and the minifundia. According to the 1960 census, 86.3% of the holdings were of five hectares or less, although these covered only 26% of the cultivated area. This marginal farm land, with agricultural activity barely above subsistence level, may be compared with the few extremely large landholdings where an area of over 50 hectares constituted about 1% of the number of units, but accounted for 24% of the total cultivated area. The government possesses 1.5 million acres that can be distributed but many more forms of assistance are needed outside of simple land-distribution. 5.) Illiteracy rate of 70% and shortage of schools and facilities.

The United States' promise of continued financial assistance will, to some extent, facilitate solution of certain problem-areas, but the Dominican Republic must now court public and private, national and international assistance. The defunct tourist industry might be rebuilt. The country can develop resources such as a food-

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processing industry based on local products, reserves of nickel and bauxite. Put succinctly, the Dominican Republic requires massive economic, social, technical assistance to pull itself out of the mire of recurrent military coups inspired by frustration and a lack of trained personnel, capable of directing the country along the path of democratic progress.

MASTERS AND SERVANTS

THE STAGE

Just when the writing of good plays was beginning to seem not so much difficult as impossible (and why should a boy raised in a movie house write plays anyhow?), along comes Douglas Turner Ward to make it look almost suspiciously easy.

"Along Comes" is perhaps not quite the phrase for what Mr. Ward has done. His two one-acters, "Happy Ending" and "Day of Absence," along came way back during the last newspaper strike but one (the serious one), and have been treading water ever since: until rescued recently by a passing Obie and a friendly Drama Desk award. Now, like Dr. Johnson's patron, I encumber them with further assistance.

The two plays deal with the same subject: the classic master-servant joke, as interpreted in racist America. Mr. Ward's approach is so apparently happy-go-lucky that it is easy to forget that he *has* a subject. But he has one indeed and he sticks to it scrupulously. It seems to be his understanding that the master-servant relationship is basically ridiculous, regardless of race, creed or color; in other words, that whether you play the front end of the horse or the back, you are going to make a fool of yourself. The fact of color introduces its own special poisons into the game, but these are not Mr. Ward's first concern —this time around anyway. He just wants us to see how funny it is that this man should be serving that one.

In "Happy Ending" he shows us life at the back end. Two colored ladies are sitting in a kitchen, mourning the impending divorce of their employer. Their nephew comes bouncing in to tell them they should be ashamed of themselves: the new Negro should be above this kind of misplaced sentiment, and besides the employer is a shnook, in any language.

Slowly and with sensuous relish the aunts explain to the indignant nephew how his way of life, the very clothes on his back, depend on their employer's well-being: an argument familiar to every colonial officer. A divorce will break up the household, and the nephew will have to go to work, new Negro or no new Negro.

Gradually, he breaks, and begins also to sob for the master. The hypocrisy is funny enough; but what makes it even funnier is that these are real tears. The phony relation has given birth to a genuine emotion (just as crummy institutions in general can give rise to real emotions, like courage and honor, which can then be used to defend them.)

It might be supposed that all this groveling would diminish our little menage slightly: but this has already been taken care of. Along the way, the aunts have convinced themselves and us that they really run the employer's life, that, in a perfectly respectable way, they are the ones who exploit him (servility is a well-known form of parasitism): so that their tears can be genuine tears of pity for a lesser man.

The second play, "Day of Absence" shows the other side of the picture: the crippled dependence of master on servant. This theme, which in its raw form goes back at least as far as Barrie's "Admirable Crichton," is used by Mr. Ward to explore still further the institutional genesis of certain emotions. For, when the servants desert the masters, leaving them helpless, the masters discover in themselves a great *love* for the servants: and, again, this emotion is quite genuine. The phony institution has hatched out another exquisite sentiment.

The story is looser and more improvisational than the first. A white community in the South wakes up one morning to find all its Negroes gone. The whites are all played by Negroes in white-face who have a wonderful time parodying some of the broader white types—a reverse minstrel show, as the program calls it, but shrewder and meaner, as befits the view from below. Frances Foster, who also stars in the first play, does the funniest clubwoman routine I ever hope to see: and Joseph Attles does a nice pious stagger as a company cleric.

The climax of this moaning low among the white folk is a television appeal from the mayor—played by Mr. Ward himself, with a splendid combination of calculation and idiocy. His heart fairly overflows with love for the nigras. He wants them to come on home, d'you hear? As a last appeal to their finer instincts, he stages a crooning display of mops and hoes (don't you miss them? they miss *yew*). Courtly love can go no further.

It might be objected that Mr. Ward was having just too much fun at this point, and was letting things get out of hand. The second play being a fantasy is bound to look a little sloppy after the first anyhow. But the mere sight of Mr. Ward, made up to look like the goofiest, most degraded white-supremacist you ever saw, justifies any excesses: and his television speech is one of the funniest set-pieces in recent memory.

Mr. Ward's message that the servant is finally corrupted as much as the master might not come so gracefully from a white playwright. But these are not race-plays in the usual sense; race is treated mainly as a local aspect of a universal institution. The result is closer to classical comedy than anything this year. (*At the St. Mark's Playhouse*).

WILFRID SHEED

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THE SCREEN

Although there has already been a lot of grumbling about the English-language version of "Tokyo Olympiad" which was prepared for American consumption (mainly because it was drastically cut down from the original and has a somewhat chauvinistic narration), I'd still rather see this 93-minute rendition than none at all. People are always haggling about the Olympics anyway: are the athletes from the Iron Curtain countries professional or amateur? should the competitors be even more nationality-minded? and right now shouldn't the U.S. Olympic Committee send teams to Mexico City, as other countries are, to do some high-altitude research in preparation for the 1968 games?

Director Kon Ichikawa and his many cameramen (said to be 164) have done an excellent job in capturing the feel and tone as well as the athletic events of the 1964 Olympics. Of course there are shots of Bob Hayes winning the 100-meter dash, Billy Mills winning (and the first time ever for the U.S.) the six-mile run, Don Schollander swimming and setting a world record, and other Americans adding up gold medals. But there are also shots of Russia's Valery Brumel high jumping, Australia's Dawn Fraser swimming and winning, Japan's team excelling in gymnastics, and other non-Americans doing their stuff, particularly Ethiopia's Abebe Bikila again proving himself the world's best in the 26-mile marathon. However, besides all the displays of muscle and brawn and skill, even this shortened "Tokyo Olympiad" takes time to record the audience reactions to the events, and sometimes in close-ups and slow-motion the multiple reactions of the contenders themselves—expressing joy or disappointment.

I wish there had been more personal touches, as there were in the Italian film made during the 1960 Olympics; but when it comes to display and spectacle, particularly as photographed in Cinemascope and Eastmancolor, "Tokyo Olympiad" shines; and the scenes of the Olympic flame arriving from Greece for the eighteenth Olympiad, the parade of the competing teams, and then at the end the electrifying closing ceremonies are as exciting as anything you'd want to see. This 93-minute version whets my appetite for the full-length "Tokyo Olympiad"—which may come our way some day.

On a smaller scale and without the professional skill of director Kon Ichikawa is "The Endless Summer," a perfectly fascinating little film about surfing. Made by Bruce Brown, West Coast surfer and photographer, this often beautiful and often exciting documentary covers the subject from Hawaii and California, around the world and then back to Hawaii which seems to be a surfer's paradise. Whether or not surfing is your dish of tea, you'll find this movie fun as well as interesting. Bruce Brown follows two California experts, Mike Hynson and Robert August, as they pursue better surf and an endless summer, and his film becomes a sort of travelogue as his color cameras glide from shore lines to island beaches in Senegal, Ghana, Nigeria, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti. Whenever a place proved disappointing, the boys would move on to the next—where bigger and better waves promised more excitement and danger.

Reading his own narration, Brown never takes himself too seriously and even manages to inject a light note as he explains the fine points of the dangerous sport. Frequently his pictures have a poetic quality and beauty as Mike and Robert ride the waves. No actors they, but athletes, yes. My only objection to "The Endless Summer" is that its 95 minutes begins to seem endless. And I wondered when, if ever, these boys worked. Or is surfing work? As a travelogue, the film skims over the places it visits, but occasionally includes off-beat bits of information that add to the fun and interest. And Bruce Brown's film begins and ends as all travelogues should—with the biggest, brightest setting sun you'd ever see on land or sea.

Arthur Godfrey as Doris Day's father runs "The Glass Bottom Boat" for sight-seers at Catalina. There's nothing particularly athletic about this, although the opening scenes show Doris in a mermaid costume swimming around for passengers on papa's boat—when who should catch her on his fishing line but Rod Taylor, her boss at the space laboratory where she works. This sets the tone for the rest of the picture which gets rather strenuous at times, mostly in energetic displays of slapstick. In fact, this is quite a different Doris Day picture—with people falling into dirt pits, getting banana cream cakes in the puss, chasing through neighbors' houses, or getting thrown around by the mechanical gadgets in the electric kitchen invented by Taylor, supposedly an inventor-genius.

The plot is rather simple-minded: Taylor, taken with Day, hires her as his biographer so she'll be around all the time. But she's around so much that she's mistaken for a Russian spy, and angry Doris decides to teach all these wise guys a thing or two about who's spying on whom. Director Frank Tashlin, realizing he had little story to work with, substitutes the slapstick and mistaken identities and fast crazy action for plot. The CIA won't be exactly happy about how they come out in a movie that makes them look pretty foolish. But no one will take any of this guff seriously. Whoever said there's a little Doris Day in every woman may regret his words when he sees "The Glass Bottom Boat." So may everyone else connected with this project of fun and games.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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BOOKS

National interest and international ideology

Power and Impotence

EDMUND STILLMAN & WILLIAM PFAFF

Random House, $4.95

WILSON C. MC WILLIAMS

Stillman and Pfaff have mastered the art of the prose of controversy, and they assert much that is wise and more that is stimulating in their critique of American foreign policy. Much may be forgiven a book which does these things, and *Power and Impotence* is well worth reading. Yet for all its virtues, the book is radically defective as an analysis of international politics.

Partly, this is due to factors beyond the authors' control, principally, the extremely rudimentary state of our knowledge about international political life. Stillman and Pfaff often seem to imply that the basic defect of American foreign policy derives from some intellectual error, some contradiction in our national culture akin to a psychological malaise.

There is truth in such an analysis but a very limited one: imagine, for example, a study of Congress which traced the oil depletion allowance to a cultural belief in free enterprise without examining the activities of groups, the conflict of organizations and the effect of institutions on eventual policy. Stillman and Pfaff fall into the old error of treating policy as if it were simply a moral and intellectual decision. Policy decisions themselves are the result of an extremely complex process of consultation and coalition; more importantly, a policy "decision" acquires its content as it is administered in concrete cases. When Stillman and Pfaff themselves attempt to prescribe a "new" foreign policy, what results is a series of truisms which our existing policy makers would almost certainly accept—but which they would certainly administer differently than would the authors. Indeed, it is this fact—that foreign policy is extremely difficult to discuss and debate in general terms—which makes public debate on foreign policy so difficult a task.

On their own terms, Stillman and Pfaff are certainly right to observe a persistent tendency in American thought about foreign policy to speak in terms of universals, and to ignore the great distinction between the political culture of the United States and that of the rest of the world. Yet Stillman and Pfaff are guilty of the fault they find with others. Not only do they postulate a "universalism" of their own, it is a hopelessly reactionary universalism, a nostalgic definition of "the realities" of international politics in terms of the pre-democratic, pre-industrial, pre-atomic standards of classical aristocratic statecraft.

American foreign policy-makers may and almost certainly have misunderstood the world crisis, but they have at least been aware that such a crisis exists. The great problems of international politics of our times do not arise from the relations of separate states with each other in terms of a "balance of power." They are general and pervasive problems which confront all states, problems of the international system as a whole, which arise from the nearly-incomprehensible dynamics of technical and social change.

Although Stillman and Pfaff frequently refer to the "lessons of history," what they refer to is the *past*: they do not truly see history as a moving process reaching toward an uncertain future. While the authors describe the "ideological sickness" of our times, they do not attempt to explain it, they denounce it.

The denunciation is appropriate, but without diagnosis it is blind. International ideology is, after all, a dim and beginning understanding by men of the fact that the great forces of our times vault the frail boundaries of states, now almost as archaic as the castle of a medieval baron. The rivalry between China and the Soviet Union is in part a rivalry between states, as Stillman and Pfaff view it; yet it is also a conflict within the Communist movement in which the "Soviet Union" is only a short-hand term for persuasions and interests which exist in all Communist states and happen to be dominant in the Soviet Union. The importance of China, which Stillman and Pfaff deprecate, cannot be assessed only by reference to the power of the Chinese state now, or even in the future. It must be viewed with reference to China as a symbol, not only for the non-Western world, but throughout the increasingly diverse "Communist camp."

Stillman and Pfaff moreover, because of their nostalgic "national interest" model, are content to assert that even in the future China will never reach equality with the "super-powers," as is almost certainly the case. Yet China may hope to equal the "big two" if they relax their emphasis on military technology and research, their guarantee of superiority. Thus, a militant China prevents or discourages such relaxation. Regardless of its present power, China stands as a barrier to agreements between the Soviet Union and the United States, not only militarily but because such agreements leave the Soviet Union subject to charges of ideological "betrayal."

In a time when the forces of technology move in directions which are terrifying even when they are promising, what is the chief "interest" of all states is that those forces be controlled and harnessed to the purposes of man. A foreign policy which takes its standards from the rules of "Monopoly" belongs to another, though possibly gentler, age. More than one "realist" is in reality a sentimentalist, and that must be the verdict on Stillman and Pfaff as theorists, despite what their book makes clear is their merit as critics, of American foreign policy.

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The Church Is Different

ROBERT ADOLFS

Harper & Row, $3.95

Change and the Catholic Church

JEREMIAH NEWMAN

Helicon, $5.95

JOHN S. DUNNE

The confession of a Church is fundamentally the confession of its faith, but in a time of reformation and renewal it becomes also a confession of its guilt. This is because reformation is, in New Testament terms, a kind of collective metanoia, a collective "change of heart," which requires a repentance of the past and a new openness toward the future. That the Church itself could stand in need of repentance or conversion is a commonplace in the tradition of the Protestant Reformation but is something rather less accepted in Roman Catholicism. The very evident metanoia of the Roman Catholic Church in the shape of Vatican II, therefore, has been a source of considerable consternation to many Catholics, while to others it has been a very heartening sign that Roman Catholicism is a genuine Christianity.

These two books very accurately reflect the two attitudes. Father Adolfs, speaking for those who find the church's metanoia heartening, maximizes the change which has taken place. Father Newman, speaking for those or to those who find it disconcerting, minimizes it. If Adolfs has entitled his book "The Church is Different," Newman might well have entitled his "The Church is the Same."

Adolfs, without perhaps being fully conscious of doing this, has rendered the change very much in terms of "our modern culture with its doctrine of sincerity and self-realization" (Yeats). The contemporary ideal of sincerity and "honesty" appears in his desire to make a full confession of the Church's guilt in the violently repressive measures taken against Modernism under Pius X, in the failure of Pius XII and of German Catholicism to put up any adequate resistance to the Nazis, in the long-standing failure of the Church to come to grips with the real issues of the Protestant Reformation, and in the very tardy manner in which the Church has met the social issues of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The ideal of self-realization and "fulfillment" appears in his desire to conceive the Church as in a state of becoming rather than in a state of being, as "eventualizing," as becoming catholic rather than already being catholic.

At the same time, what Adolfs is putting into the language of our modern culture with its values of sincerity and self-realization, again perhaps without being fully conscious of doing it, is the original Christian ideal of metanoia. The repentance, as he conceives it, is a repentance of the Church's lack of catholicity or universality in the past, and the conversion is towards genuine catholicity, a universality of quality rather than of quantity, to be achieved in the future. It is of the past failure in catholicity and the future task of becoming catholic that he is conscious. What he is less conscious of is the process of translating New Testament values into contemporary values in which his reflections on catholicity have involved him.

Newman, being a sociologist, is somewhat more conscious that there is a problem of relating the values of one epoch and one society to those of another. He severely limits the relevancy of his sociology, though, by distinguishing sharply between the church as knowable by the methods of sociology and the church as knowable by the methods of theology. The distinction seems altogether legitimate and necessary, but the use to which he puts it is rather more questionable. For he restricts change to the sociological aspects of the church and quite excludes it from the theological aspects. This would not be so bad if it amounted to saying that there is an unchanging theological principle of change in the Church, namely the principle of metanoia. Actually, though, Newman admits no metanoia of the Church as such.

As a result he sees in the Catholic reaction to Protestantism and later to Modernism little more than a lesson and a warning to Catholics who would maximize change in the Church. The failure of Christianity in Nazi Germany he sees as a failure more of Lutheranism than of Catholicism. Only in the shortcomings of the Catholic Social Movement does he see room for any thoroughgoing criticism, for here, he believes, it is a question of the sociological rather than the theological aspects of the Church. The concept of "social change" which in sociology would ordinarily apply to every aspect of a society, he does not apply to the church so much as to the society in which the Church finds itself and thus only indirectly to the Church.

At least two concepts are needed, I think, to understand the change which has taken place in Roman Catholicism. One of them is the sociological concept of "social change"; the other is the theological concept of "metanoia." Without the sociological concept one is liable to be unaware how much change is simply a matter of time. Without the theological concept one is liable to be unaware how much it is indeed a matter of eternity.

Heroes' Twilight

BERNARD BERGONZI

Coward-McCann, $5

BERNARD McCABE

England before the first World War. We can no longer believe in that long Edwardian afternoon, all cucumber sandwiches and cricket. It never existed much; England has never been a lotus-land. Wells and Shaw and the rest were clear enough at the time that this decade was as disturbed as the next. And think of E. M. Forster in his 1910 *Howard's End*—"panic and emptiness" behind the rural and urban calm. Clearly too, however, the Great War's impact was cataclysmic. It had been long expected, was hopelessly inadvertible, but then in its reality unexpectedly horrible.

It was the first fully mechanized war. And the effect on poets and novelists was traumatic. It is useful to see nineteenth-century English literature in

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terms of sensibilities struggling to comprehend and contain the cultural transformations industrialism brought; what happened to sensibilities faced with what must then have seemed the final transformation? I think the event was too brutal and literally shocking to bear major imaginative fruit. "All a poet can do today is warn," wrote Wilfred Owen in 1918, a few days before his death on the Western Front.

In the massive butchery many bright talents died. Their survivors found subjects elsewhere. The great imaginative works of the postwar decade were only obliquely war-conscious. The war-poets are poignantly interesting; Yeats should not have excluded Owen from his *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, and Isaac Rosenberg, the most original, most "modern" of all the dead war-poets, should have been there too. Yet—reading over their agonized verse as generously as we can—isn't there still a sense of limitation, of unavoidable narrowness?

No great English war-novel exists. Ford Madox Ford's fine trilogy *Parade's End* is best in its pre-war and post-war pages, loses life and conviction when the hero, Tietjens, is in uniform. D. H. Lawrence's long short-story, *England My England* presents the richest imaginative response I can think of to the War; otherwise the most interesting writing comes in the sad and angry memoirs: Siegfried Sassoon's semi-fictions, and above all Robert Graves' *Goodbye To All That*, egotistic, idiosyncratic, infuriating, yet still representative and definitive of a generation.

But World-War One literature in England is thin. And Bernard Bergonzi, who in his *Heroes' Twilight* studies the War's impact on British writing, spins things out with some rather goosey swans—R. H. Mottram, Ivor Gurney, Henry Williamson. Sir Herbert Read, who wrote in a good simple sensitive way about his war experience, is oversold, and there's bold backing for the painter David Jones' war-book *In Parenthesis*. To be reminded that David Jones "emphasizes the Romano-British elements in the national character" raises more new doubts than it answers old queries about that admittedly fascinating author's eccentricities.

Bergonzi's account of doomed young Georgian poets like Rupert Brooke and Julian Grenfell bringing their wistful charm to bear upon the ugly War is moving. But more impressive is what was written as the realities of trench-fighting worked a revolution, and Bergonzi finds the right poems (and speaks sensibly about them) to underline the shift from "early patriotic idealism through to ironic realism and then to the angry extremes of anti-heroic protest" in the work of Sassoon and the others, especially Owen and Rosenberg.

Reading *Heroes' Twilight* from our megaton vantage point is an odd experience, though. It's impossible not to find it interesting, for obvious reasons; but Bergonzi, advertently or not, imports a curiously unreal note of cud-chewing calm into it all, a kind of persistent humdrumness mingled with moments of old-fashioned critical weightiness:

> All the hills and vales along
> Earth is bursting into song,
> And the singers are the chaps
> Who are going to die perhaps.

Bergonzi comments, "the third and fourth lines, juxtaposing the Housmanesque 'chaps' with the throwaway casualness of 'going to die perhaps,' to considerable effect, should make it clear that Sorley was writing with his characteristic subtlety and ambivalence." *Who*? Writing with his characteristic *what*? Bergonzi turns Edwardian himself. A lot of the time, in fact, his book is a sort of nice quiet read, an amble on a haywain, drawn by a peaceful horse, a straw-hat over its ears, occasionally providing a gentle swish of the tail: "One of the principal differences between the autobiography and the novel is that the latter offers a wider angle of vision: the autobiographer is limited to the single thread of personal experience, while the novelist can supplement or enlarge on this by an imaginative penetration into the experience of others." Just so, "a wider angle of vision," yes. Quite. *Goodbye To All That*—"a classic in the exacting art of autobiography." It's all very restful. "If there is one quality which distinguishes Blunden from the other Georgians it has always been the intensity of his absorption with the countryside." Right.

The publishers say this is an unpedantic study, and it's true. Yet behind it one can't help hearing student pens laboring across notebooks in some quiet classroom. A placid, muffled sort of book to have come out of the War.

The French Army in Politics 1945-1962

JOHN STEWART AMBLER

Ohio State University Press, $6.50

PETER GEISMAR

On May 13th, 1958, the French military declared its own martial law in North Africa. Army officers seized control of the administration of Algeria and a special expedition occupied the island of Corsica in preparation for a paratrooper drop on Paris. The Fourth Republic disintegrated under the pressure of the military revolt in the Mediterranean.

Charles de Gaulle has also had his difficulties with the army. In January, 1960, the military served as an enthusiastic audience for a violent anti-Gaullist demonstration organized by the French settlers in Algiers. In April, 1961, four French generals were involved in another attempt to topple de Gaulle from power. After the April putsch collapsed, a large number of army officers affiliated themselves with the terrorist *Organisation Armée Secrète*. The O.A.S. leaders believed that a French Algeria might survive if the Fifth Republic and de Gaulle were destroyed.

It was this new appearance of the army after May 13th, 1958, that prompted John Stewart Ambler to reassess contemporary civil-military relations in France. His book includes a summary of the changing military attitudes towards civilian control during the nineteenth century, an account of the crisis of de Gaulle's insubordination in 1940, and of the recent French campaigns in Indo-China and Algeria. Ambler is particularly interested in the new ideology of the French army, the concept of the *guerre révolutionnaire* which

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developed out of the wars of decolonization.

The failure to re-establish control in Indo-China, which culminated in the debacle of Dienbienphu, plus four years of unsuccessful fighting in Algeria, encouraged French army strategists to seek out the strength of their Third World foe. Writing in the *Revue de défense nationale* and other military journals, these officers developed a new orthodoxy about the recent struggles in Asia and Africa. They linked the destruction of the European empires to the cold war and maintained that the campaigns in Indo-China and North Africa were part of the same "undeclared" World War: a "total war" against mind and body, materially aided by the Communist bloc, which stood to profit from every rising in the Third World.

Mr. Ambler uses this theory as a focal point for his discussion of the various groupings and cleavages within the French officer corps and troops. It becomes evident that the officers and men who were convinced of the importance of the *guerre révolutionnaire* were also the ones who were involved in the most serious incidents of military insubordination after 1958. These soldiers believed that their desperate activity was justified because the French nation itself was threatened by the nationalist struggles in the empire.

Professor Ambler has studied a fascinating subject in contemporary French history—but this is not enough. Because he is a political scientist, the author feels compelled to extract certain general "laws" from his labor. He believes that he must formulate his own theory which will be applicable to all armies placed in similar conditions. (But what other army will ever have a *chance* to lose a World War and an empire and still remain intact?)

Mr. Ambler writes that "the French experience casts a new light on cross-national theories of civil-military relations." He then proceeds, with the aid of numerous qualifications and a few contradictions, to prove that this is not really the case. Finally, the author ventures a prediction as to France's future: the army probably will behave itself after de Gaulle departs—but then, again, it might not. Words worthy of the Delphic Oracle! *The French Army in Politics*, however, is an impressive work of research. Despite the last nine pages of the book, Mr. Ambler has established himself as an authority on French military matters.

The Phenomenon of Life

HANS JONAS

Harper & Row, $6

JOHN E. MOREARTY

Teilhard's "metaphysical success story" will not wash, argues Hans Jonas. In this difficult and brilliant book, Mr. Jonas makes it clear that the history of life is not the sure story of a progress in goodness, but rather of a growth in capacity both for good and for evil—a capacity which stands always on the brink of dissolution.

Unlike *The Phenomenon of Man*, this collection of essays is a work not only of enthusiasm but of masterful philosophical sophistication; like Teilhard's, it is an attempt to situate man, the psychophysical being, within the unity of the cosmos. That is to say, Professor Jonas tries to show in what ways ethics rests on nature, so that it is true to say that what man now can achieve (or fail to) is precisely a higher level of what nature has been moving towards throughout its evolution—freedom. The author thus sets himself against two closely related theories of man: the scientific materialist reductionisms which would make spirit epiphenomenal, and the existentialist dualisms which see man pitted against the rest of the universe, shouting his meaning in the face of the void.

He succeeds brilliantly in pointing out the continuity among living beings. On each level, in analogous ways, life is form against mere matter, distance or mediacy against immediacy, freedom against mere necessity. In the flux of metabolism, the organism remains "itself" both because of and in spite of the constant taking in and surrendering again of nearly all its material constitu-

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ents. Animals are distinguished from plants in that they suffer from—and are blessed with—a certain distance from their environment. The satisfaction of their wants is not supplied by a constant flow, but must be attained and conquered; the means to this, perception, motility, and emotion, become at the same time ends, because they not only achieve the preservation of life but enhance its quality.

The "highest" sense, that of sight, is pre-eminently a sense of distance and objectivity. The power of making images, which, as the author suggests, could serve as the most clear-cut distinguishing mark of the minimally human, is the power of separating the *eidos* from the matter which bears it; and with that separation are given the possibilities of abstraction and creativity. Finally, man is separated even from his total self in the act of self-reflection, self-questioning; and the act of spanning this gulf is the locus of both "the highest elations and deepest dejections of human experience." In man, life's universal mark of mediacy, which makes possible and demands self-transcendence, issues in those activities where man is most truly himself—in knowing, in making, in giving and receiving; all of these, by the very terms of their possibility, are lived out on the brink of the void.

It comes as a disappointment, after following Professor Jonas' detailed and energetic exposition of his basic theme, to discover that he has no resolution to propose for the contradiction between the philosophical and scientific conceptions of the phenomenon of life. While from the scientific point of view that phenomenon can apparently be called deterministic, he argues, we know from introspection that consciousness and freedom are also indisputably facts. One of the great tasks of philosophy will be to resolve that paradox, probably through a "revision of the idea of nature." But the author confesses that he himself cannot do it.

All he can do is insist that we must hold tight to both pieces of the evidence, and keep trying to fit them together, instead of putting them into separate compartments, or jettisoning one altogether, as do various materialisms, or dualisms which have led to materialism, such as those of Descartes, the Darwinians, or the cyberneticians. (To these last he devotes a particularly savage chapter, convicting them of the two very un-scientific sins of fuzzy language and anthropomorphism.) Contrary to Sir James Jeans' dictum, God is not only a mathematician; but how he can be both a mathematician and the God of human freedom, only he knows—yet, at any rate.

Despite this disappointment (it would not be fair to call it a failure), the book is a rich one. Some examples will suggest the range and penetration of the author's thought. In primitive times, he notes, life was regarded as the natural condition of things; funeral cults do not imply morbidity, but rather an attempt to fit the fact of death into a cosmos which was otherwise so full with life. For the modern scientific outlook, on the other hand, "death is the natural thing, life the problem." Of the psychological determinists, he remarks that, if mind is an epiphenomenon, their own arguments have a rather peculiar epistemological status; the determinists are in the famous position of the Cretan asserting that all Cretans are liars.

Of theoretical inventiveness, he comments that "perhaps it should have no place in philosophy," since it is notable that it has appeared "only where theory has to uphold prior commitments," as for instance in post-Cartesian metaphysics. With Descartes himself, he remarks, matter curiously becomes "more rational than spirit"—since all the passions are extracted from it and laid to the account of spirit. Existentialist nihilism finds a strange parallel in the Gnosticism of late antiquity (Professor Jonas is the author of the definitive work on that subject, *The Gnostic Religion*) but where gnostic man had to contend with a merely hostile universe, the existentialist must assert himself in the face of an indifferent one.

Although Jonas' prose suffers from an occasional philosophical teutonicism, for the most part he writes clearly or even brilliantly. He speaks to his various adversaries within the tradition in their own language, but even the reader who has not yet worked his way through the three *Critiques* will find most of these essays, unlike much of what passes for philosophy these days, not only rewarding but intelligible.

The Crying of Lot 49

THOMAS PYNCHON

Lippincott, $3.95

ERIK WENSBERG

Thomas Pynchon's gifts as a novelist are almost alarming. An impassioned comic writer, spendthrift of invention, he dwells in that romance with time which nourishes the born storyteller. And he commands the stranger power of enforcement: he can work upon his reader the very disorder and anxious exertions his fiction describes. His language throws off Joycean and Nabokovian scintillations—multiple meanings, cross-references and puns—which yet remain steadily, intelligently directed.

He is also a comic writer upon whom seriousness and utter contemporaneity seem to have fastened like a kind of doom. With all its racy virtuosity, his dark little second novel, "The Crying of Lot 49," is, I think, far more moving than the earlier "V.", if only for its concision and consequent focus of feeling. The book dreams upon America with a tenderness and elegaic sense of loss not present before in our specifically comic fiction.

And, simplest to say, Pynchon is a comic writer who is very often extremely funny. In part, "The Crying of Lot 49" is an exuberant ribbing of all the California manias, of pop culture gone to rock and ruin, of the wreckage of taste that our machinery produces in abundance. Pynchon can indulge in that simplest kind of horsing, funny names (Randolph Driblette, Ghengis Cohen) for their own sake; at the other extreme of wit, he includes here a blood-drenched parody of Jacobean drama that closes out all other attempts.

"The Crying of Lot 49" concerns certain revelations disclosed to a young suburban housewife, Oedipa Maas (Oedipa: she who interrogates the past and patri-

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mony), whose former lover, a now deceased real estate tycoon named Pierce Inverarity, has made her executrix of his will, an inventory of international chicanery, local exploitation and hidden holdings. The name of Pierce Inverarity implies the labor that is to engulf Oedipa, as she is drawn away from her dim, malleable husband and the little green certainties of Kinneret-in-the-Pines into a search for the truth of power in her country. She must attempt to Pierce the Verity, the Appearances and Inversions, of a man who manufactured cigarette filters of ground bone; who built and owned the industrial city of San Narciso (its chiefest monument to him a thriving missile industry); who sent freeways hurtling through cemeteries and sowed barren housing developments whose tracery is that of the electronic circuit plate, a design for impulse and power only.

Yet it is another side of the revelation that invades Oedipa's imagination and compels the fullest range of Pynchon's own visionary inventiveness: in her quest for clarification of Inverarity's properties, Oedipa stumbles upon a sort of subcontinent of the obsolescent, a union of cracked and damned, silently watching "undergrounds," beaten by the controls of organized society—each, in its lush battiness or isolation, making up a station of The Tristero System. This vast brotherhood communicates by a rival postal system outside the federal one—symbolically, by means of public waste cans.

Its confederated withdrawers from the nation's "normal" life include the Peter Pequid Society, last word in right-wing truculence; Inamorati Anonymous, who seek wholly to cure the addiction of love, "the worst addiction of all"; failed suicides; mad children; lone Mexican girls on midnight buses—and all keep seeming to signal Oedipa with a graphic sign she has early seen on certain curious postage stamps. Again, in the name of The Tristero System lies the secret *Tristeza,* Terror, Hysteria that is the Inverse of Inverarity's "legacy."

At the end, Oedipa comes to the auctioning—professionally called a "crying" —of Lot 49, the Inverarity stamp collection containing the apparent Tristero forgeries, whose meaning she now fears. She knows there is to be in attendance an anonymous buyer of all this emblematic misery and waste; whether for its further elaboration or its cure is an open question. Most ominous of all, Oedipa has found hints in the course of her obsessed investigations that the Tristero System is centuries-old, perhaps an unredeemable by-product of civilization, brought to its grand destination and fullness in the most powerful nation in the world.

In the nature of the opposing forces she has seen, in their very opposition and secrecy, Oedipa envisions a paranoia—a continental paranoia—that may have infected herself. Her own sanity, then, is the other open question. Yet, along the stations of Tristero we have ourselves by this time seen the heightened versions of events and ideologies, missions and monuments that we know too well around us. The open questions are being put to more than Oedipa Maas.

Pynchon's novel "means" many other things as well. It may be seen as dealing with the failures of love, or even with the artist's obsession with "meaning." And to say so much is to distinguish Pynchon from those comic writers whose lidless gaze of disgust, or whose manic desperation, have acquired such authority of late under the rubric of Black Humor. These writers, asserting the relief of anarchy in the face of public outrage and private boredom, have disturbed the nation's peace to good effect. Yet even Pynchon's errors in this novel occur beyond such limited purposes. His intellectual wit can veer into pedantry, as in some of Oedipa's historical researches. As his heroine, Oedipa must also necessarily convey the author's own intelligence and passion, yet has been under-endowed, as a character, by her creator. These are the mishaps of a complex conception.

What Pynchon has done, with a style of great rhetorical richness, is to reassert the emotions of patriotism, spaciousness and wonder that animate the classic American novels. His voice is that of the American whom Tocqueville foresaw, whose

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destiny is unmediated by the traditional authorities, the voice sounded in American literature from Melville to Fitzgerald to Frost. Knowing, yet lyric, "The Crying of Lot 49" stands in the line of "The Great Gatsby" in its concise attempt to capture the dangerous exaltations, and the loneliness, of this strange place.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 429*)

creates its own reality. We started out with the cold war dogmas of Communist "expansionism" and the Communist conspiracy to "take over the world," and our policies of military and economic containment did more than anything to make this threat a reality—to the extent that it ever was or is. In Vietnam, we invented the thesis of "aggression from the North," then so convinced ourselves of its reality that we attacked the North.

Since then, not only the war, but the national psychosis of "anti-Communism" has been steadily escalated by writers and groups such as Marguerite Higgins, Daniel Lyons, S.J., Life-Line, and other prolific propaganda-grinders. The further we progress into unreality, the louder we must whistle in the dark.

Mr. Zahn naively mentions instances of torture. Doesn't he know Communists aren't people; "Communists have no human feelings" (Father Lyons)—"a Communist is a Communist is a Communist" (Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation bulletin). Repeat over and over, until you stop the silly nonsense of thinking in terms of people. Vietcong aren't people; they are Communists (the first false equation), and Communism is an abstract evil, existing in a social and historical vacuum. What have people got to do with it—except maybe people that we invent for ourselves, like South Vietnamese who are supposed to be interested in our fight to "save them" from Communism?

At Vatican Council II, Archbishop Hannan (now of New Orleans) called the first Council draft on war and peace, disapproving war as an apt means of redressing wrongs, "immature and full of errors," apt to call forth "ridicule in the world's halls of political and military science."

If the rest of the world accepted America's basic cold-war dogmas, this statement might be logical enough. But if one questions our basic assumptions (as much of the world does), the Archbishop's statement itself becomes, if not immature—shall we say, an interesting specimen?

Eqbal Ahmad, Pakistani fighter in the Algerian war, has compared America's action in Vietnam to a maternal elephant who unwittingly stepped on a partridge. Seeing the orphaned young, the elephant shed tears and said: "Ah, I too have maternal instincts," and turning around, sat on them.

One wishes this kind description were an accurate one. Is our government really as innocent and naive as the parable implies, or has it gone too far out on a limb to be willing to admit it?

And is it really our government which is making murderers of us all, or are most of us—including the national press—only too willing to believe in the whole sorry mess?

(REV.) CARTER PARTEE, O.F.M.

"Science and Literature"

Bartlesville, Okla.

To the Editors: The passionate dilemmas presented so eloquently by Elizabeth Sewell (May 13) must wrench the heart of every poet-scientist. How many are there of this breed? . . .

But Elizabeth Sewell has once again propounded a question which certainly is not entirely contained in C. P. Snow's *The Searchers*. It is a crucial question. Can one appreciate Whitman and at the same time Einstein?

The answer depends on the elasticity of the intellect. If I may be so impertinent as to express the beauty of Einstein, it is involved in his answer to the question: How can one describe the universe in such a way that it appears to an observer, drinking his 3 A.M. coffee in the long watches at Mt. Palomar as in a planet of a galaxy apparently receding from us at such vast distance and at such enormous velocities

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that we see its light as emitted before our own planet was born?

The answer is not poetry. The solution which the Magic Doctor obtained was through the advanced theory of tensors. Tensor calculus became for Einstein a sort of shorthand in which he surpassed any other physicist. . . . Now the point is that to appreciate this beauty one must know the mathematics of tensors. Although Einstein's goal was to simplify the picture of the universe by eliminating remote forces, such as gravitation and to eliminate the "ether," this ultimate simplification required a complex revolution in the geometry of space-time. As a poet, one can read a thousand popularizations of his approach, without really having the faintest idea of what he was doing. Oppenheimer, a sort of poet himself, has sadly acknowledged this fact. It *is impossible for a modern Walt Whitman or an Edgar Allen Poe to understand the scientific universe.*

This of course does not mean that gifted poets cannot be taught the magic of tensor analysis. It is simply improbable that they would have the patience.

A forlorn note from an Oxford philosopher of the "analytic school" occurs to me: "We philosophers now are poor scientists and even worse poets."

As a minor poet-scientist, may I suggest that all the boys and girls who are really interested in the universe take a course in tensor calculus? D. E. CARR

"Totally Bewildering"

Guilford, Conn.

To the Editors: "Science and Literature" (Elizabeth Sewell, May 13) is a totally bewildering piece. Not only is it sketchy at best, it is obviously impressionistic and even arbitrary in its choice of materials and illustrations. At the same time, it is confused and confusing in its presumed factual data. If not actually misinformed, it is certainly quite misleading.

To be specific, we are given a "sample knot" or "nerve ganglion," centering around Sainte-Beuve, who "picks up the, for him, significant chance" [sic] that Cuvier, on his election to the Académie, pronounced the eulogy of "the dead man whose seat he inherited," the "philosopher-poet Lamartine. The remarks by Sainte-Beuve are "a particularly interesting passage in the *Premiers Lundis* of 1886."

Voyons, as they say. Cuvier was dead in 1832—the same year as Goethe, who is "out of our reach by reason of his dates." (Incidentally and interestingly for the subject of science and literature, one of Goethe's final compositions was on Cuvier's debates with Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire about the "unity of composition," a forerunner of Darwin's evolution.)

Lamartine did not die until February 1869—37 years after the man (Cuvier) who is supposed to have pronounced his eulogy. And "philosopher-poet" is not a particularly apt characterization of the dreamy Lamartine.

As for the "*Premiers Lundis* of 1886," these had begun to appear in volumes in 1851, having been published originally in serial form, as their title suggests. Sainte-Beuve himself had died in 1869, the same year as Lamartine. Actually, the only thing apparent in the *Lundis* involving Cuvier and Lamartine concerns a eulogy by Cuvier of Daru in the presence of Daru's successor, Lamartine (1830). Would this be the presumable occasion of our author's supposed reference?

Another ganglion—or nexus? Among the "poets of the 1860's," we have Walt Whitman and his "Passage to India," of which Whitman says: "the burden of it is evolution . . . the unfolding of cosmic purposes."

Then: "It may be that Hugo was attempting something not altogether different in *La Légende des Siècles*. . . ." What Victor Hugo was attempting is very fully and clearly set forth in his prefaces and in the various critical studies of the poet. The specific statement of the theory of evolution, Darwin's *Origin of Species*, is of 1859. But Victor Hugo had conceived *La Légende* and composed the first pieces at least as early as January 1853, without possible benefit of Darwin. (Actually, the author of "Science and Literature" rejects the poetic *Légende des Siècles* in favor of Victor Hugo's prose *William Shakespeare*, which fits her thesis more neatly. This is a curious preference to illustrate "the poets in the 1860s." (And Whitman's poem is really of the 1870s.) In fact, Victor Hugo used the hypotheses, findings, and applications of science as inspirations for the creation of magnificent poetic myths and images. Finally, the relationship between poetry and mathematics is completely specious or irrelevant for the given subject.

Altogether, "Science and Literature" is a strangely disconcerting bit, evidently serving largely to introduce or publicize partly unpublished works of Michael Polanyi and Joseph Needham. This is especially regrettable as the article is an adaptation of a paper delivered at an American university last year. It would seem that somewhere along the line a critical mind or an editorial blue pencil might have helped in the treatment of a potentially fine subject.

JOSEPH F. JACKSON

P.S. What is Erasmus doing in this gallery?

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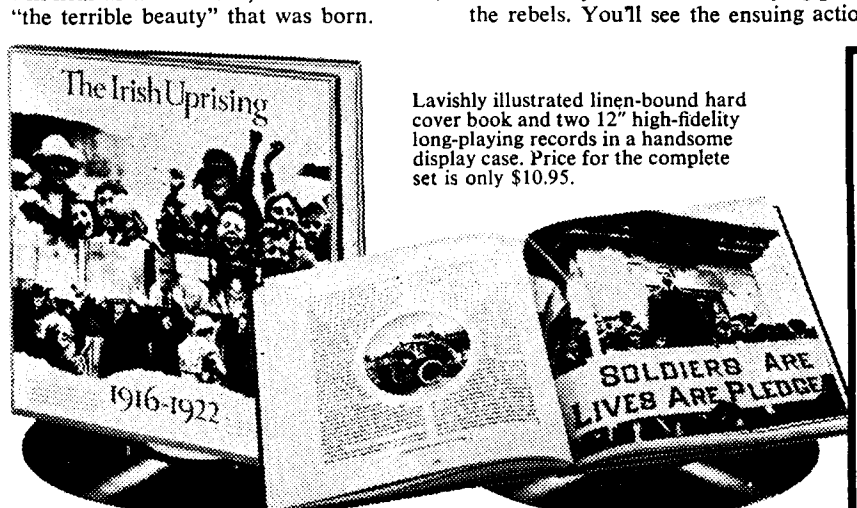

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